The Cavity

(a poem)

Here I sit, upon your tooth
cozy in this ivory booth.
On the molar, in the back
I started with a tiny crack.

I hope you don't mind
me growing here
I'm having fun
I have no fear.

You brush and brush
(twice, today!)
but you still can't make
me go away.

You tried the special
toothpaste blend
that nine out of ten
dentists recommend

But I'm still here
in your mouth
and if you don't catch me
I will travel south

Into the root,
and onto the nerve
then I might
make a curve...

I'll spread myself
to the tooth next door
if you don't stop me,
I'll do more.

I don't mean to scare you
I mean what I say
I am your friendly
tooth decay.

Birdtown Comics